

Gridiron Provides a Bipartisan Roast

Democrats and Republicans alike were crisply grilled last night at the Gridiron Club's annual dinner and satirical revue of the national political scene.

Attended by more than 500 guests, some of them targets of the playful gibes, the newspaper organization's frolic at the Statler Hilton Hotel impartially lampooned the administration's far-reaching ambitions and the sometimes futile countermoves of the opposition.

In the all-male audience were President Johnson, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, cabinet officers, Supreme Court justices and other high-ranking personalities.

On the serious side, the membership inaugurated James Russell Wiggins, editor of the Washington Post, as the new Gridiron president.

The club also welcomed as new members Clark R. Mollenhoff of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, Philip Potter of the Baltimore Sun, John R. Cauley of the Kansas City Star, David Wise of the New York Herald Tribune, Henry Gemmill of the Wall Street Journal and Warren Rogers of the Hearst Newspapers.

Furnishing music for the dinner and the revue was the United States Marine Band Orchestra led by Lt. Col. Albert Schoepper. The skits were produced under the direction of Walter Ridder, Washington bureau chief of the Ridder Publications.

Off-the-record speeches were made during the evening by Senator Russell B. Long, D-La., and Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York.

Snarling Opener

The curtain-raiser was a meleé of snarling demonstrators, whose theme song, set to the music of "Collegiate," was:

Picket! Picket!
Protest is the ticket!
If it's square, man, kick it!
PRO-TEST!

Demonstrating!
Much more fun than dating!
Why waste time debating?
PRO-TEST!

Sit-ins! Lie-ins!
Frequent nights in jail!
Save us from subjection to the power structure!
Ante!
Frantic!
We are so romantic! The army is pedantic!
Dissenters all are we!

The Republican party felt the sear of the gridiron next. The scene was a tawdry carnival set up in the mythical town of Sock Center, Minn. Standing on a soda pop case and spilling for all he was worth was a character described as "Phineas T. Dirksen," a takeoff on Senate Republican Leader Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois.

A Sock Center rube said Dirksen was a "wizard with words," which led into a song to the tune of "The Wizard of Oz."

We're here to see the wizard,
The wonderful wizard of ooze.
For he's a whiz with words, he is.
He knows how to make the news.
We follow old Ev and we seldom lose.
There isn't an issue he can't confuse.
Confuse, confuse, confuse, confuse,
confuse—
Oh, he is the kind of leader to choose.

We're here to see the wizard,
The wonderful wizard of ooze.

A stage version of former Vice President Richard M. Nixon was dragged in by a couple of roustabouts—taken, it was said, off the Merry-Go-Round where he had been "going 'round and 'round ever since 1960." The Dirksen character asked the Nixon character his plans for 1968 and "Nixon" sang, to the tune of "Taking a Chance on Love":

Let me go again.
I hear the trumpet blow again.
Don't say no again,
Taking a chance on me.

Rocky's slid again.
And Romney's lost his bid again.
I'm your kid again.
So take a chance on me.

Things are mending now.
I feel my star's ascending now.
Let's have a happy ending now,
Taking a chance on me.

An incredibly funereal character entered and introduced himself as Ray C. Bliss, chairman of the Republican National Committee. In an ensuing discussion about the farm vote and the city vote, a stage Gov. George Romney of Michigan broke into song with "Downtown":

When you're behind, you must be ready to find
The place where voters grow—
DOWNTOWN!
Farm votes are nice, but they will never suffice.
To win, we need to go **DOWNTOWN!**
For research seems to indicate more folks live in the city.
Voters there are thick as campaign promises are pretty.

How can we lose?
The total's much bigger there.
We can forget all our troubles,
forget all our care.
Let's go **DOWNTOWN!**

Majorities are great **DOWNTOWN!**
Let's run our state for sure **DOWNTOWN!**

The GOP is lonely as it can be.
Let's go and find a mob **DOWNTOWN!**
We've been too rural. Now we need to get plural.

We can do a job **DOWNTOWN!**
Computers show less voters grow in suburbs than in the city.
We can sweep those urban creeps and win with Walter Mitty.
How can we lose?
The lights are brighter there, and Mitty is a Republican,
In case you care.
We'll go **DOWNTOWN!**
We'll have a ball when we're **DOWNTOWN!**

We'll win it all for sure **DOWNTOWN!**
Everything's waiting us there.

The stage was then lit up with the entrance of a spectacularly clad Hollywood cowboy who took a bow as Ronald Reagan, the movie and television actor seeking the Republican nomination for governor of California. Asked if he was doing all right in his campaign, "Reagan" shuddered at the word "right" and, to the tune of "People Will Say We're in Love," appealed to the John Birch Society:

Don't throw bouquets at me.
Don't push me right too much.
With Brown don't fight too much.
People will say we're in love.
Don't call me gov-nor yet.
Don't serve Birch beer for me.
Speak soft when you cheer for me.
People will say we're in love.
Don't praise my speeches so.
Don't let old ladies scream.
Please don't make me too extreme.
People will say we're in love.

New York's "Mayor Lindsay" entered. Asked how he was getting along, "Lindsay" sang a tear-jerking rendition of "Everything Happens to Me":

I got elected mayor; it's a job I thought I'd like.
They couldn't wait to swear me in to start the subway strike.
I promised better transit and the voters have to hike.
Everything happens to me.
I cleaned up on the Democrats; they cleaned out City Hall.
I asked the state for money; Rocky never heard my call.
I made a pitch for Harlem; Adam Powell owns it all.
Everything happens to me.
And I suppose next spring when all the filthy snow is through
The power will go off again, the drought will start anew.
I feel my White House chances I had better not pursue.
Everything happens to me.

Continued

Alpha Beagle

The setting for the doing-in of the Democrats was "a newly discovered planet in a far-off galaxy a million light years from earth." The Democrats sought to organize the new planet—called Alpha Beagle in the solar system of the Dog Star—for President Johnson had proclaimed the Inter-Galactic Great Society and the Democrats already had precinct workers on Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus and "Bobby Baker is creaming the Milky Way."

Space Ship One was sighted approaching by a member of the space-suited chorus and he led his colleagues in a rousing: "He'll be comin' 'round the Cosmos when he comes."

But when the spacecraft nosed on stage, it disgorged not President Johnson but a character greeted as "Well, if it ain't that fellow from Minnesota—Hubert Horatio . . . er . . . uh . . . what's his name?"

Whereupon, the new arrival introduced himself as Vice President Hubert Humphrey, happy to have come "far enough to get away from the Kennedys." But he was wrong, declared an Alpha Beagle, for "we're all Kennedys here . . . organized like the primaries in 1960."

As the stage filled with "Kennedys," some in ski togs, a "Sarge Shriver" sang, to the tune of "Franki and Johnny," a song beginning:

Bobby and Teddy are brothers.
They always act as a pair.
When one of them misses a roll call,
The other's always there.
Two fine young men.
They can do no wrong.

Called on, the stage Humphrey wailed to the music of "Second Hand Rose":

All my jobs are cast-off,
Strictly second-hand.
If I dared to blast off,
I'd be swiftly canned.
The stuff in my department's from a
rummage sale.
When they draw post positions, I never
draw the rail.
Talk about your Avis and your Hertz!
His monogram is even on my shirts!
I've got those
Second Man Woes,
Second Man Woes.
Mine is the Image
Nobody knows.

Did You Ever See . . .

Next up were four Gridiron clubbers representing the heads of U. S. Steel, the Du Pont Co., Anaconda Copper, and the Aluminum Co. of America—all firms that have experienced presidential pressure to keep down their prices. One of them, as President John Harper of the Aluminum Co. of America, sang to the tune of "Did You Ever See a Dream Walkin'?"

Did you ever have your prices fix-ed?
Well, I did.

Did you ever have both arm twisted?
Well, I did.

Did you ever have The Big Man tell you
you'd better be nice?

Oooh, it's so grand

And it's too, too pretise.

Did you ever have your phone calls
listed? Well, I did.



SENATOR DIRKSEN

Did you ever think you'd be arrested?

Well, I did.

Did you ever feel Lyn-don
Breathe down your neck,
Saying, "I love you, I do"?
Well, the things he's suggestin'
And the things he's requestin'
Are the things that you and I will do.

A sleepwalker in space entered. He was identified as Jack Valenti, aide to the President. Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, the make believe Valenti sang of the President's "Favorite Things":

Brown and white beagles
With big floppy ears,
Depletion allowances, prize winning steers,
Speedboats and barbecues,
Texas oil kings—

These are a few of his favorite things.

Poverty programs and broadcasting
stations,

Tax cuts and price cuts and
budget gyrations,
Something for nothing tied neatly
with strings—

These are a few of his favorite things.

Sending Dear Hubert far off on a mission,
Showing the whole world his
famous incision,

Cutting up Bobby and clipping his wings—
These are a few of his favorite things.

A couple of other presidential favorites were brought on—Senate Democratic Whip Russell B. Long of Louisiana and Special Assistant Bill D. Moyers. The Gridiron version of Moyers sang "In the Garden":

I come to the garden with Lyndon
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
Has the twang of a Texas Moses.
And he walks with me and talks with me
And tells me I am his own
And the news we share as we tarry
there

May never, never be known.

'Home Cookin'

The final skill, following tradition, delved

into foreign affairs. It was set in the White House Kitchen, back in the 1890s.

A singer portraying Henry Haller, the new White House chef from Switzerland, was asked by stage versions of Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara and Aid Director David Bell to report on what's cooking at the White House. He sang "Home Cookin'":

Oh, hap-py day, I'm here to say
I've come to cook for LBJ
Pinto beans the Texas way.
Alpine chefs are famed for that old
Home cookin', home cookin'.
Home cookin' is good enough for me!
The French are rude; their attitude
On politics and even food
Doesn't include gratitude.

Three "distinguished travelers" were next—roving Ambassador W. Averell Harriman; United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams, former Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. The trio sang "Anywhere We Wander":

We're Rover Boys on the go, go, go,
On land, on air, on sea.
I saw Karachi and Tokyo.
And I saw the Holy See.
Everywhere we wander.
Anywhere we roam.
We're Rover Boys on the go, go, go,
On air, on sea, on rail.
I saw the Spinz visiting Cairo.
And I spied the Holy Grail.
Everywhere we wander,
Outer space or foam,
It beats selling soap, running Michigan.
I like it far from home.
Everywhere we wander,
Anywhere we roam.

A character representing Laurance Rockefeller, in charge of beautification for the President, entered in the costume of a flower lady carrying a basket of flowers. To the tune of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," he scattered flowers among the audience as he sang:

Come tiptoe by the White House
To the green house. That is where I'll be.
Come tiptoe, beau-ti-fy-ing with me.
Come tiptoe o'er the landscape,
Past the guardhouse to the Lyndon tree.
Come tiptoe, beau-ti-fy-ing with me.

Oh Where Can It Be?

At that point, a character attired as Sherlock Holmes appeared. He was recognized as Angier Biddle Duke, U.S. ambassador to Spain, where the U.S. Air Force recently lost one of four atomic bombs. To the tune of "Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone," the singer appealed:

Where, oh, where has our little bomb
gone?

Oh, where, oh, where can it be?
With its safety off and its fuse left on,
Oh, where, oh, where can it be?

Leonard Marks, the new director of the U.S. Information Agency, was kidded as being "dedicated to the principles of Washington Jefferson, and Madison—Avenue." The mock Marks sang to the music of "Ball Hai" about the recent Honolulu Conference on Viet Nam:

Ballyhoo will save you
When the fans start to boo.
Fly away to Honolulu

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Wrapped in red, white and blue.
 Ballyhoo will cure all
 Any time, any place.
 Its techniques at once obscure all
 Of the facts
 In the case.
 When you're on the ropes,
 Your plans all at sea,
 Slap on the make-up
 And shine on Tee Vee!

Amid a commotion, a psuedo Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, the Democratic chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was hustled onstage by guards. Caught trying to sneak in the back door of the White House, he sobbed that he was no longer welcome at the front door. "Wanna buy a dove?" he implored. "I'm a dove-hawker." And then, to the music of "Love For Sale," he beseeched:

Dove for sale.
 Slightly beat-up used dove for sale.
 Chairman Fulbright owl-type dove,
 Wayne Morse lone-wolf growl-type dove.
 Dove for sale,
 Who will buy?
 Who's prepared to give my line a try?
 Who agrees it would be nice
 To have peace at any price?
 Dove for sale.
 Let the war hawks sound their call
 In their childish way.
 I've got my eye on the ball
 Better far than they.
 There is nothing we can't do
 With sufficient bill and coo.
 Woo-Hanoi dove,
 Here's the Real McCoy dove.

Serious Finale

The finale, by tradition, was serious. All satire laid aside, a singer impersonating Secretary of State Dean Rusk led the Gridiron Chorus in a song to "hearten us all for the struggle that will occupy us in the days ahead." To the music of "Where or When," it went like this:

If seems we've stood and fought like this
 before,
 Face to face with battle in the same way
 then,
 And we all remember where and when.
 A quest for peace has been our goal
 before.
 The doubts that disturb us we were
 doubting then.
 And we all remember where and when.

Among the guests at the stag dinner were the ambassadors of Nicaragua, India, the Soviet Union, Japan, Pakistan, France and South Viet Nam.

State governors present included John W.



SENATOR FULBRIGHT

King of New Hampshire, John J. McKeithen of Louisiana, Edmund G. Brown of California and Charles L. Terry Jr., of Delaware.

Almost the entire cabinet was in attendance, as were the leaders of the Senate and House. Among former Washington officials were former Vice President Nixon and former Senator Barry M. Goldwater of Arizona. The Supreme Court was represented by Justices Black, Douglas, Harlan, Brennan, White and Reed.

Pentagon chieftains at the dinner included Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Gen. Harold K. Johnson, chief of staff of the Army; Adm. David J. McDonald, chief of naval operations, and Gen. Wallace M. Greene Jr., Marine Corps commandant.

Other guests from the Executive Branch included FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, CIA Director William Raborn, USIA Director Leonard Marks, NASA Administrator James E. Webb, Poverty Corps Director Sargent Shriver, Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall and presidential assistants Bill D. Moyers and Jack Valenti.

Among business and labor leaders who shared in the occasion were Roger M. Blough of U.S. Steel, John D. Harper of the Aluminum Co. of America, James M. Roche of General Motors, Crawford H. Greenewalt of DuPont and Walter Reuther of the AFL-CIO.

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